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TO OUR READERS.

Annual Subscribers whose names are entered in the Book at our Office, and whose Subscriptions are paid in advance to Christmas next, are ALONE entitled to an Admission to the forthcoming Annual Concert, which will be given in June or July next.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The sixth concert took place on Monday the 24th instant. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

SYMPHONY.—E flat	Mozart.
RECIT.—"Me voilà seule," { <i>Mousquetaires</i> } Mad. Gras	Halévy.
AIR.—"Bocage épais," { <i>de la Reine</i> } Dorus,	Vieuxtemps.
CONCERTO in A (violin) M. Vieuxtemps	Mozart.
RECIT.—"A questo seno," Miss Dolby	Beethoven.
ARIA.—"Quando miro,"	
OVERTURE.—"Egmont,"	

PART II.

SYMPHONY.—F minor "Die Wiehe der Tone,"	Spohr.
ARIA.—"En vain j'espère (<i>Robert Le Diable</i>) Madame Gras Dorus	Meyerbeer.
AIR.—"Rest in the Lord," (<i>Elijah</i>) Miss Dolby	Mendelssohn.
OVERTURE.—"Jubilee,"	Weber.

Mozart's symphony, if not his most imposing, is perhaps his most perfect composition for the orchestra. The *largo* which precedes the *allegro* is sublime, and we have little doubt afforded some suggestions to Beethoven. The *allegro* itself is formed upon a melody of flowing beauty, which is finely contrasted with a counter-theme of an opposite character. The second part, in which the subjects are developed, is masterly though brief, and the whole movement is a model of symmetrical design, in which that absence of redundancy, wherein even Haydn must yield to the musician of Saltzburgh, is strikingly exemplified. The *minuetto* and *trio*, though simple and unpretending, are beautiful in their place. The *minuetto* has a kind of gentlemanly character, which reminds us of the Louis XIV. era, and the *trio* with its flowing melody for the clarinet, (so exquisitely played by Mr. Williams), is, if we may be permitted the simile, its female parallel. No words can express the beauty of the *andante* in A flat. Its vein of melody is absolutely bursting with excess, while the natural loveliness of its harmonies, the ingenuity of its contrapuntal treatment, and the picturesque beauty of its instrumentation have scarcely parallels in music. There is something divine in the entrance of the bassoons and clarionets on successive intervals of sevenths in the second *thema*, which is one of enchanting simplicity. In the *finale* Mozart has adopted the form of some of Haydn's great movements of this kind, and has equalled, if not surpassed his model. The themes are both exquisitely playful, albeit finely contrasted; and the manner in which they are developed, in florid counterpoint

and close intimation, is something far beyond ingenuity and learning—it is positive inspiration. The style in which this noble symphony was rendered by the Philharmonic orchestra, under Signor Costa's vigilant direction, left little to be desired. The violins sounded like one instrument, so perfect was the *ensemble*. The *minuet* and *trio* were encored. The air from Halévy's *Les Mousquetaires* is a good specimen of the modern French school. Made. Gras Dorus displayed her fine vocal talent to advantage in its interpretation. M. Vieuxtemps' concerto must be regarded with a respectful eye as the work of an accomplished master of his art, and the greatest living performer on the violin. Yet, with every deference, we cannot but complain that its interest was hardly in proportion to its length. The performance consumes no less than *forty-three minutes* of time, out of which a clear half is occupied by the *allegro*, which is the movement, in our opinion, that possesses the least merit. The *adagio*, the shortest movement, is certainly the best. The subject is original and expressive, and its treatment displays a high amount of invention and knowledge of the resources of orchestral instruments. The *rondo finale*, in A minor, is somewhat lengthy, but the *thema* is quaint and pretty, and there is a beautiful *cantabile* passage in C, which occurs as an episode, and acts as an agreeable relief. The *coda* is very brilliant and effective, but it demands immense power of double-stopping on the part of the violinist, which few are likely to possess in so remarkable a degree as M. Vieuxtemps himself. The playing of this great artist was of the highest order throughout. His execution was wonderful and his style grand and expressive. No violinist in the world has such an astonishing command of the *staccato* as Vieuxtemps, and his facility in mastering passages of double, triple, and even quadruple notes, in rapid succession, is perfectly astounding. The *contralto* songs of Mozart, which rank among the loveliest of his inspirations, are precisely the things in which Miss Dolby most happily demonstrates the fine quality of her voice, and the poetical beauty of her style; in which latter particular she soars high above most of her sister vocalists. The "Quando Miro," though not one of the longest, is certainly one of the most engaging of Mozart's chamber songs, and is distinguished by that excess of languishing melody which occasionally brings the style of this great master on to the brink of the voluptuous. We should like always to hear Miss Dolby in such music as this, which suits her infinitely better than the lucubrations of the modern Italians, with which she occasionally favours the public—or, worse still, the insipid sentimentalities of our ballad-writers, of which the lovely singer has a varied assortment. No doubt Miss Dolby gets well paid for singing them, and this, as a question of merchandise, may stand for an excuse; but, as a question of art, it is beneath her talent to

waste a moment's labour on such nonentities. The overture to *Egmont*, one of the most solemn and overpowering emanations from the colossal genius of Beethoven, is a capital medium for displaying the resources of the Philharmonic orchestra. Its execution invariably creates enthusiasm among the audience, who are never tired of listening to the revelations of its extraordinary beauties. The vigorous and decided beat of Costa helped to make the performance still more impressive, although, by some anomalous mischance, the overture failed to receive its customary *encore*. The orchestra was never handled with more gigantic energy than in the *Egmont*; and a band of less completeness than that of the Philharmonic would be swamped in the endeavour to give expression to its harmonious wonders. But in such grand and daring efforts lies the chief strength of this army of instrumentalists. The characteristic symphony of Spohr "Die Wiehe der Tone" (the Power of Sound) is, perhaps, the *chef d'œuvre* of the master. Its philosophical design is vast and daring. None but a composer conscious of the possession of superior genius would have presumed to aim so high. The symphony is divided into four parts. The first part consists of two movements—a *largo*, in F minor, vague and mysterious in character, affecting to convey in musical sounds the idea of nature's silence before sound was born; and an *allegro*, in F major, of infinite variety and loveliness, in which is supposed to be portrayed the awakening of life after the birth of sound—the universal voice of nature, as developed in the cries and songs of animals of every kind; birds, beasts, insects, and all that have a voice. This latter movement is incontestably the most splendid emanation from the genius of Spohr. The ideas are all new, fresh and vigorous; the development is masterly and profound; the orchestration exuberant with beauties, and marked by a warmth and richness that, perhaps, have scarcely a parallel in music. The 12-8 measure adopted by the composer, gives a peculiar character to the lengthened duration of the suave and inspiring melodies with which it is overflowing. The climaxes are wonderfully complete and satisfactory, each one, as it occurs, being an absolute feast for the ear, and a marvel to the intelligence. The continuous buzzing of the violins beautifully suggests the undercurrent of sound which tipifies the universal hum of Nature, as the Earth throws up its orisons to Heaven in one cry of myriad voices that proceeds from forest, rock, and dell—from ocean, river, and sky. The chirpings and twitterings of the wood instruments, with, ever and anon, some low note of the horns, are happily descriptive of the voices of the feathered tribes and the bleating and lowing of the cattle. Altogether, it is a great and animated picture, which, had Spohr written nothing else, would have placed him in the first rank of modern composers. The second part consists of a single movement, an *andante* in B flat, the subject of which is a cradle-song. This is interspersed with episodes, one of which, in D, is descriptive of a village-dance; and the other, in G minor, of the serenade of a lover to his mistress. The themes are all beautiful, and are admirably contrasted. The simplicity of the cradle-song, the gaiety of the dance, and the amorous melancholy of the serenade, are equally characteristic and touching. An ingenious trait of musicianship is remarkable in that part of the conduct of the movement where the three subjects are combined, with great ingenuity and picturesque effect. Good conductorship is indispensable in the direction of this intricate movement, in which (at the point alluded to) three different measures are to be indicated at once—3-8, 2-4, and 9-8. The third part is emblematical of martial life, and combines the departure of soldiers for battle, the

lamentations of those who are left behind, the triumphant return and the consequent rejoicings. The movement consists of a magnificent march in D; an episode in G minor of great pathetic beauty, but too lengthy and spun out; and a *reprise* of the march. The instrumentation of this movement is a triumph of art. Never were the military instruments more superbly employed. This fine movement is followed by a short piece in the ecclesiastical style, in B flat, written in close counterpoint throughout, and typical of the thanksgivings for the victory achieved. The fourth and last part consists of two movements: the first, a short and solemn *adagio*, in F minor, is intended as a funeral dirge for the slain, in which the drums are employed with mysterious effect; the last is an *allegretto*, in F major, of great melodic beauty, which Spohr has entitled "Consolation in grief," a worthy climax to his magnificent work. The performance of this symphony was, on the whole, creditable to the Philharmonic orchestra, although some occasional slips were inevitable. The air from *Robert le Diable* is well suited to the powers of Madame Gras Dorus, whose fine *soprano* voice and marvellous command of florid vocalisation were exhibited to immense advantage in its interpretation. Miss Dolby's singing of the air from *Elijah*, one of the gems of that great masterpiece, is perfect as art and perfect as expression. Nothing more can be said. It is the song of an angel, and Miss Dolby looks for all the world like an angel of pity and consolation while she is warbling it. The "Jubilee" overture is one of Weber's most brilliant effusions, and shows off [the quality of the Philharmonic band admirably. As a whole, however, it is a composition of very little depth. We have thus glanced at every item in the programme, and conclude by according general praise to the performance, and the selection, which must be pronounced for the most part worthy of the Philharmonic Society. The room was full. The seventh concert takes place on Monday.

CARLOTTA GRISI.

(*Harmonia. Chap. II.*)

THE twenty long months that elapsed, during which, in recording the choregraphic triumphs of Mr. Lumley's establishment, we had never the opportunity to mention this name so dear to Terpsichore, this name which suggests all that is most graceful and loveable in the dance, except in melancholy reference to the absence of its owner, have almost left us dry of epithets fit to describe the qualities of her rare and admirable talent. The *ballet* without Carlotta is like the sky at night without the moon; however bright the smaller stars may twinkle, they give little light to earth, and the world's wanderers may stroll into a ditch for want of that serene and beaming flood which dips the sky in silver. But now that Carlotta has returned the atmosphere of the *ballet* has melted from its icy coldness and is loosened into living fountains of delight. Carlotta lives in the kingdom of Grace and moves about in her footsteps. She is Beauty's daughter and walks proudly in her flowing robes. As poets are born and not made, so are dancers, who are but the poets of motion; and Carlotta is the greatest as she is the fairest of them all. No amount of art could have filled up the measure of her grace. It was Nature herself, who, vexed one day at the egotism of poets, painters, and musicians, said, "I will be revenged!—the glory of art shall assume a new shape! I shall spiritualize the movements of the dance!" And Nature made Carlotta!

Cardanus, in his treatise *De Subtilitate*, suggests that motion being the principle of the universe was capable of being made the basis of art. And why should not the crazy

Italian philosophaster have reason and logic on his side for once? Why should not Carlotta dance a symphony?

The mind can comprehend all things: but there is surely no divine law that the ear should be the sole conductor of emotions to the mind. The highest object of art is to suggest—to please the mind with magnificent and delightful images, or, on the other hand, by terrible ones to shake the soul and purify it. (*Aristotle.*) The Greeks, the emperors of the beautiful, ranked dancing among the greatest of arts and the most delightful of recreations. They intended not mere leaping and running, but the faculty of motion refined and beautified by science and imagination. The fact is indisputable. The eye is the most important of the sensual *media*. As musicians will tell you, it can not only act for itself but it can suggest to the ear the actuality of its own functions. For example:—the eye can read the score of a musical composition, and the ear through its medium is helped to an imaginary feast of sound. But the ear, in return, cannot thus aid the eye. Therefore must the ear take off its cap and own the eye its master.

When Lord Bacon said, "Dancing is a mean and vulgar thing," he had never seen Carlotta, whose smallest step would have ravished his mighty soul with visions of a far Elysium. Had he seen Carlotta he would not have left dancing out of his *Inauguration*; for he was too wise a philosopher not to know that happiness is the *ultima thule*, and that happiness is simply delight received through legitimate and health-preserving means, and that, consequently, without dancing, happiness were incomplete—the soul possessing a function of enjoyment unexercised. The sum of happiness is to have every outlet of the emotions that go from ourselves to others freely open, and every inlet that allows of the impressions from extraneous objects freely open, that the soul may be delighted by giving and receiving—according to the principle of things, which is so regulated that nothing depends upon itself and that all things have a certain dependence upon every one thing. The creature that has one faculty of giving or taking enjoyment shut up is imperfect. The millennium is the time when all things will flow into and out of each other, as the waves of the sea, without let or hindrance.

But see to what grave questions the *ballet*—or rather Carlotta, the soul of the *ballet*—has conducted us insensibly! To return, however, to plain earth. In simple unmetaphysical terms, Carlotta is the pearl of dancers. To what can she best be likened? O for the wings of Hafiz! that we might fly into the realm of fancy, and from the garden of imagination pluck all the fairest flowers to lay at her feet, as emblems of her various perfections! But again, to what may she be likened? To a fair tree which the wind goes by and touches not? Or to a white cloud sailing along the sky? Or to a sunbeam playing on a distant window, paining the eye with pleasure? Or to a stately swan which proudly bends its neck? Or to a *mœnad*, wild with mysterious pleasure? Alas! no—these are but words. She is at times like one, at times like all, at times like none of these. She is never two successive moments the same, but ever a thing of joy that makes the eyes glisten; a *presence* that rejoices the heart, which flows to her as a river to the sea of its desire. A new Petrarch might apostrophise her (why not N. D.?) in an infinity of sonnets—but as mischance has it, the letters of her names, *christian* and proper—C. A. R. L. O. T. T. A—G. R. I. S. I—only number thirteen. But perhaps Petrarch made a blunder, and a sonnet should be in thirteen instead of fourteen lines. The fact, however, is enough to persuade some modern Vaninus to substitute thirteen for nine, as the divine number.

And then Carlotta is as beautiful as she is clever. Good temper and good nature play upon her cheeks like twin-cherubs, that sport in baby-innocence. Her smile is a joy, making way through its outlets at the lips, and casting its influence over her whole face as it passes, which laughs like a morning sun.

There are seven smiles in the world, which—like the seven colours, children of light, that originate all other colours—give birth to all other smiles. Carlotta's smile is the essence of the beauty of them all.

Thus ends the second chapter of HARMONIA, which the author, as dreamy as ever was Shelley, as melancholy as ever was Burton, as nature-loving as ever was Wordsworth, as religious as ever was Jeremy Taylor, and as mad as ever was Hieronymus Cardanus, lays at the pretty feet of Carlotta as a sincere, though unworthy offering. Though his soul be dedicated to music and philosophy, though he consorts better with Plato than Tom Moore, and though he never thought of making a dancer the subject of his second chapter, he is keenly sensible to the wonders of her talent and the fascinations of her beauty, and has striven in his poor way to show it. Will Carlotta Grisi disdain his homage?

JULES SCHULHOFF'S CONCERT.

The unusual events of the present unprecedentedly exciting season have hitherto prevented us from bestowing that serious attention upon the merits of this clever artist to which they are entitled. But better late than never. M. Jules Schulhoff gave a concert on the 21st inst. in the Hanover Square Rooms, before a vast concourse of amateurs and professors, and the number of pieces which he played gave ample opportunity for considering his claims to public and critical approval both as a pianist and as a composer. As a pianist we have no hesitation in pronouncing M. Schulhoff first-rate. He is a master both of execution and style, and excels particularly in that close rapid playing which is after all the most legitimate proof of mechanical accomplishment. His finger is exceedingly light and agile, his touch delicate, his tone round and agreeable, his wrist flexible and strong. The first piece essayed by M. Schulhoff was the *Allegro* from a Sonata dedicated to Chopin. The style of this composition is ambitious. The ideas are good, although the development is somewhat discursive, and the elaboration redundant. We were so little tired by the one movement, however, that we would willingly have heard the rest, and must reproach M. Schulhoff for thus exhibiting his loftier aspirations in fragments. As a matter of mere playing nothing could be more perfect. The next piece was of a wholly different kind. A "Caprice sur des airs Nationaux Bohémiens." Herein M. Schulhoff displays his proficiency in the modern romantic school—as it is termed, somewhat inappropriately. With much of the Thalbergian ponderosity and an occasional sprinkling of the Herzian *legereté*, this *Caprice* has enough of pure novelty to be fairly called M. Schulhoff's own. The passages are very elegant, and there is a nice feeling for harmony and modulation, which though sparingly developed manifests itself most agreeably. The execution of this piece was a splendid exhibition of mechanical adroitness. A "Nocturne in A flat," followed by an "Etude de Concert," are deserving of still higher commendation. The *Nocturne* is expressive and graceful, and in its coloring occasionally reminds us of Chopin, although it has less vagueness of outline and less wildness of modulation than the majority of the effusions of the famous Polish pianist. The "Etude de Concert," a vigorous theme, developed with continuous power, is a composition of extreme difficulty. M. Schulhoff, however, executed it with consummate facility and grace, and the encore he forced from the whole room did not by any means surprise us. The last exhibition of M. Schulhoff's powers was devoted to a melody without words called "Le Zephyr," and a "Galop di Bravura." The first is a gem of its kind, tuneful, harmonious and graceful, and will in all probability find its way to the piano-forte of every amateur and professor in the united kingdom. The second is equally interesting

of its kind, although that kind is totally opposite. It is a long and ably sustained movement, in which the rapid enunciation of octaves, and the volocitous execution of *traits de gamme* chromatic and otherwise, are the distinguishing characteristics. As a *morceau* for display this is as effective as anything we have heard from M. Schulhoff's pen. The execution of both these pieces was as perfect as polished art and natural aptitude could make them; the "Zephyr" all grace and fluency, the "Galope" all fire and animation. The latter was encored unanimously. On the whole, M. Schulhoff may be said to have achieved a triumph at his concert, both as a pianist and as a composer, and to have established his name in this country as one of the ruling spirits of his particular department in art. As he appears to be a very modest and unassuming artist, we own ourselves gratified at the result. Moreover, M. Schulhoff is a very young man, and with such promise as is already indicated by his talent, the most brilliant prospects are probably in store for him. The concert was varied by other instrumental performances. The talented brothers, Helmesberger, played the *Adagio* and *Rondo* from Spohr's "Second Concertante," Op. 88, (for two violins) with admirable precision and the most refined taste. M. Oberthur also gained distinction by a clever performance on the harp, of his "Souvenir de Londres," which he has appropriately dedicated to Parish Alvars. Then there was, besides, a quantity of vocal music sustained by the talents of Misses Bassano and L. Pyne, Mdle. Vera, Madame G. A. Macfarren, the Misses Williams and Mr. Bodda. The Misses Williams were encored in Keller's pretty duo, "Spring is long since o'er," which they sang very nicely. Miss Bassano, in a *lied* by Proch, "Ah! mother dear," was graceful and unpretending. Her "Non temer" was a more ambitious effort, the effect of which was greatly enhanced by Mr. Benedict's admirable performance of the brilliant accompaniment which Mozart has assigned to the pianoforte. Mdle. Vera and Miss L. Pyne both won laurels in a pair of Italian arias, by Bellini and Verdi. Mdle. Vera was re-called after her performance. Miss L. Pyne was accompanied on the piano by her sister. One of the most finished performances in the concert was the duet, "Ah figlia incanta," from Donizetti's *Maria Padilla*, by the Misses Pyne. Kucken's pretty *lied*, "Thy name I whisper," and Weber's "Fair being! lovely as the Heavens," were both chastely rendered by Mr. Bodda. Miss A. Williams sang an air from the *Sirene* of Auber with good effect, and Mr. Bodda's voice was favourably displayed in a simple *lied* by Krebs, "Loving, I think of thee." Macfarren's fine air, "Tintendo ingrata," one of the most beautiful of his vocal compositions, was sung with infinite passion and the truest expression by Madame G. A. Macfarren. An apology was made for Miss Messent, who, we regret to say, was prevented, by severe indisposition, from appearing. The conductors of the evening were MM. Benedict, Vera, and Kùhe. The concert gave entire satisfaction to the crowded audience, the majority remaining until M. Schulhoff had played his last piece.

SIGNOR BRIZZI'S MATINEE.

THIS esteemed and talented professor of the vocal art gave his annual morning concert, on Monday, May 24th, at the residence of B. B. Williams, Esq. The programme was resplendent with celebrated names. The divine Grisi, the graceful Persiani, the popular Alboni, the accomplished Mario, the elegant Salvi, the capricious Ronconi (Signor), the unbending Ronconi (Madame), the courtly Tamburini, the pretty Corbari, the gentlemanly Ciabatta, the lady-like Toulmin (Mrs.), the beautiful Dolby (Miss), the artistic Macfarren (Madame) the friendly Costa (R.), the sensible Montelli, the nice looking Brizzi (Mdle), and the Brizzi (Signor) himself were the vocalists. There was a muster for you, reader!—and moreover, each did his and her best to show the esteem they entertained for the excellent concert giver. But this was not all. There was Frederick Chatterton, and his familiar harp, and Benedict, Pilotti, Orsini, Alari, and Costa, with their nimble fingers and musical taste, ever and anon mixing with the voice of the singer. A better programme could not

be a pleasanter morning could not be, a more brilliant assemblage of fashionables could not be, a more tempting assortment of cates and wines could not be, nor a more amiable and hospitable host than B. B. Williams, Esq., who attended to his illustrious guests with the politeness of a Chesterfield, the *empressement* of a Charles II., and the *esprit* of a Baron d'Holbach. And so now we imbibed the ravishing strains of harmony up stairs, and now we descended in company with the witty Fiorentino to gaze below upon the beautiful among the singers, and the tempting among the comestibles. Altogether it was a sunshiny morning indeed, and Grisi looked like one of those "gorgeous insects floating motionless," of which Shelley speaks in the *sensitive Plant*.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Gùthe.

Concluded from page 346.

PART II.—CHAPTER XVIII.

BUT the most important thing which the friends had, with silent attention observed, was that Ottilia had, for the first time, unpacked the chest, and had chosen and cut out of its contents various materials sufficient for an entire full dress. When, with Nanny's assistance, she wished to pack up the rest, she could scarcely succeed; the space was too much filled, although a part of the contents had been removed. The young covetous girl could not look enough to satisfy herself, especially when she saw that provision was made for all the minutest articles of female dress. Shoes, stockings, garters with mottoes, gloves, and much else of the sort, still remained. She asked Ottilia to give her some of them. Ottilia refused; but opened one of a chest of drawers, and allowed the girl to choose, who hurriedly and awkwardly seized on her prize, and at once ran off with it to announce and exhibit her good fortune to the other inmates of the house.

At last, Ottilia succeeded in packing everything up carefully; she then opened a secret compartment in the lid. There she had little notes and letters from Edward, various dried flowers, which served as reminiscences of former walks, a lock of her beloved, and other things of the sort. One thing more she added—the portrait of her father,—and she locked up the whole, after which, she again by the gold chain hung the slight key round her neck, and against her bosom.

In the meanwhile, many hopes had been excited in the hearts of the friends. Charlotte was convinced that on the birthday Ottilia would again begin to speak, for she had hitherto remarked in her a secret activity, a sort of cheerful self-satisfaction, a smile, such as floats on the countenance of one who conceals something good and pleasant from those he loves. No one knew that Ottilia passed very many hours in a state of great weakness, from which she only revived at the times when she appeared, and then by the dint of mental force.

Mittler had been often seen during this period, and had stopped longer than usual. The persevering man knew but too well, that there is a certain moment when alone the iron is to be struck. Ottilia's silence, as well as her refusal, he interpreted in his own favour. Hitherto no step had been taken towards the separation of the married pair; he hoped to settle the good girl's fate in some other favourable manner; he listened, he conceded, he gave to understand, and conducted himself after his own fashion, prudently enough.

But he was always vanquished, whenever he took occasion to utter his arguments about matters to which he attached great importance. He lived much in himself, and when he was with others, his relation towards them generally consisted in action. If once his discourse broke out among friends, as we have often seen, it rolled along without consideration; wounded or healed, was beneficial or injurious, just as chance might direct.

The evening before Edward's birthday, Charlotte and the Major sat together, expecting Edward, who had gone out riding. Mittler was walking up and down in the room. Ottilia had kept in her own apartment, laying out her dress for the following day, and

giving many signs to her maid, who perfectly understood, and aptly executed the silent commands.

Mittler had just got upon one of his favourite topics. He loved to maintain, that both in the education of children and in the government of nations, nothing was more clumsy and barbarous than prohibition—than prohibitory laws and regulations. "Man is essentially active," he said, "and if one understands how to order him, he at once follows, acts and executes. I, for my part, would rather in my own sphere tolerate faults and failings, until I could command the opposite virtue, than I would get rid of the fault without seeing anything right in its place. Men readily do what is good and suitable, if he can but set about it; he does it that he may have something to do; and reflects no more on the matter than on any silly exploit which he may attempt out of idleness or *ennui*."

"How annoyed do I often feel, when I hear the ten commandments repeated in the instruction of children. The fourth* is a very pretty, rational, ordering † command: 'Thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother.' If children impress this rightly on their minds, they have the whole day to practise it. But now the fifth—what shall we say to that? 'Thou shalt not kill.' As if any man had the slightest desire to murder another. One hates, one gets angry, and in consequence of this and that, it may well happen that a person is occasionally killed. But is it not a barbarous plan to forbid murder and slaughter to children? If it stood: Take care of another's life; remove what may be hurtful to him; save him at your own peril; if you injure him, think that you injure yourself. these are commands which have a place among cultivated and rational people, and which in teaching the catechism, are only universally dragged in afterwards in the 'What-is-that?'"

"And now the sixth*—that I find quite abominable. What? Is the curiosity of presentiment children to be lured towards dangerous mysteries; is their imagination to be excited into strange images and notions, which finally bring on the very thing we wish to remove? Far better would it be if offences of the sort were arbitrarily punished by a secret tribunal, instead of being chattered about in the presence of church and congregation."

At this moment, Ottilia entered. "Thou shalt not commit adultery!" continued Mittler, "how coarse! how indecorous! Would it not sound much better if it stood thus: Thou shalt revere the matrimonial tie; when thou seest a married pair, who love each other, thou shalt rejoice at it, and take interest in it, as in the felicity of a cheerful day. If anything arises to disturb their relation, thou shalt endeavour to clear it up; thou shalt endeavour to soothe them, to appease them, to explain to them their reciprocal advantages, and, with a noble disinterestedness, advance the happiness of others, while thou makest it obvious to them that happiness arises from every duty, and especially from this one, which indissolubly binds man and wife."

Charlotte sat as if upon coals, and her situation was so much the more painful as she was convinced that Mittler did not know what he was saying, nor where he was saying it. Before she could interrupt him, she saw Ottilia, whose appearance had changed, go out of the room.

"You will allow us the seventh, at any rate," said Charlotte, with a forced smile. "All the others," replied Mittler, "if I only save that upon which the others rest."

Nanny, rushing into the room with a frightful shriek, cried, "She is dying—the lady is dying; come—come!"

When Ottilia had returned tottering to her chamber, the morrow's dress lay completely spread out on several chairs, and the girl, who went up and down contemplating and admiring it, cried out with delight, "Only see, dearest lady; this is a bridal dress quite worthy of you!"

Ottilia heard these words, and sank upon the sofa. Nanny sees her mistress grow pale and insensible; she runs to Charlotte; they come to the spot. The medical friend of the family hastens thither; it seems to him no more than exhaustion. He has some strong broth brought in; Ottilia rejects it with abhorrence, nay

she almost falls into convulsions, as soon as the cup is brought near her lips. He asks seriously and rapidly, as circumstances dictate what Ottilia has eaten to-day. The girl hesitates; he repeats his question, and the girl confesses that Ottilia has eaten nothing.

Nanny appears to him more uneasy than she ought to be. He drags her into an adjoining room; Charlotte follows; the girl throws herself upon her knees, and confesses that for a long time, Ottilia has eaten scarcely anything. At the urgent request of Ottilia, she herself had eaten the food instead of her. She has, she says, kept this a secret on account of the supplicating and threatening gestures of her mistress, and also, she innocently adds, "because it was so nice."

The Major and Mittler entered, and found Charlotte busy with the physician. The pale, heavenly girl sat on the corner of the sofa, still, as it seemed, retaining consciousness. They signify that she should lie down; she refuses, but makes a sign for the chest to be brought to her. She puts her feet upon it, and finds herself in a convenient, half-recumbent posture. She seems to wish to take leave; her gestures express to those standing round her the tenderest attachment—love, gratitude, supplication for pardon, and the hearties' farewell.

Edward also alights from horseback, hears the state of affairs, rushes into the chamber, throws himself down at Ottilia's feet, seizes her hand, and waters it with silent tears. Thus does he long remain. At last he cries out, "Shall I not hear thy voice again? Wilt thou not return to life with one word for me? Good—good; I will follow thee *yonder*: there we will talk in another language."

She presses his hand with violence; she gives him a look full of life and love, and after deeply drawing her breath, after a heavenly mute motion of the lips, she exclaims, with a charming, tender exertion, "Promise me to live!"—but she immediately sinks back. "I promise it," he cried to her; but it was too late—she had already expired.

After a night passed in tears, the sad office of burying the dear remains fell to Charlotte. The Major and Mittler assisted her. Edward's condition was pitiable. When he could just recover from his despair, and reflect in some degree, he insisted that Ottilia should not be moved out of the castle, but should be waited on, tended, treated as a living person, for she was not dead—she could not be dead. They humoured him so far, that they left undone what he forbade. He did not desire to see her.

Another alarm seized, another care occupied the friends. Nanny having been severely scolded by the physician, forced by threats into confession, and, after her confession, loaded with reproaches, had run away. After a long search she was again found; she seemed to be beside herself. The parents took charge of her. The kindest treatment seemed to be of no avail; they were forced to lock her up, because she again threatened to escape.

Gradually they succeeded in rescuing Edward from the most violent despair—but only for his own unhappiness, for it was plain, certain to him, that he had lost the happiness of his life for ever. They ventured to represent to him, that if Ottilia was laid in the chapel, she would still remain among the living, and would not be without a kindly, quiet abode. It was hard to obtain his consent, and only on the conditions that she should be carried out in an open coffin, that when in the vault, she should only have a glass covering, and that a lamp should be kept constantly burning there, did he at last give way, seeming to have resigned himself to everything.

They clothed the lovely body in the dress which she had prepared for herself; they placed on her head a wreath of chinnasters, which shone forebodingly like mournful stars. All the gardens were despoiled of their ornaments to deck the bier, the church, and the chapel, and lay as desolate as if winter had already obliterated every joy from their beds. In the earliest part of the morning, she was carried out of the castle in the open air, and the rising sun once more crimsoned the heavenly face. The mourners pressed round the bearers; no one wished to proceed no one to follow, but all wished to surround her, to enjoy her presence for the last time. Men, women, children,—no one was unmoved. The girls, who most immediately felt her loss, were inconsolable.

Nanny was absent. She had been kept back, or rather the day and hour of the burial had been concealed from her. She was

* The Germans do not divide the Decalogue in the same way that we do, but our first and second commandments being with them only one, our fifth is their fourth, and so on.—Translator.

† Ordering is used as the reverse of prohibiting.—Translator.

* Our seventh: "Thou shalt not commit adultery."—Translator.

kept guarded in a room in the house of her parents, which led into the garden. But when she heard the bell toll, she knew but too soon what had happened, and when the woman who watched her, left her, out of curiosity to see the procession, she got out of the window into a passage, and thence, because she found all the doors locked, upon the loft.

At this moment the procession was winding along the path, which was quite clean, and had been strewn with leaves. Nanny saw her mistress plainly beneath her—more plainly, more perfectly, more beautifully, than all who followed the procession. Supernaturally, as if borne on clouds or waves, did she seem to beckon her servant, and Nanny, confused and wavering, reeled and fell down.

The crowd, with frightful shrieks, dispersed in every direction. By the pressure and tumult, the bearers were compelled to set down the bier. The girl lay close to it; all her limbs seemed to be shattered. They raised her, and by accident, or special dispensation placed her over the corpse; nay she seemed herself, with the last remains of life, to wish to recall her beloved mistress. But scarcely had her dangleing limbs touched Ottilia's garment, scarcely had her powerless fingers touched Ottilia's folded hands, than the girl jumped up, raised her arms and eyes towards heaven, and then fell down on her knees before the coffin, and looked up to her mistress with ecstatic devotion.

At last she sprang up as if inspired, and cried with holy joy: "Yes, she has forgiven me! What no human being could forgive, what I could not forgive myself, God forgives me through her look, her gesture, her mouth. Now she is again reposing so quietly and gently, but you have seen how she raised herself and blessed me with unfolded hands; how kindly she looked upon me! You have all heard, you are witnesses, that she said to me, 'Thou art forgiven!' I am no longer a murderess among you; she has pardoned me; God has pardoned me; and no one else can harm me."

The multitude stood crowding around; they were astonished; they listened; they looked one way and another; and scarcely any of them knew what to do. "Now bear her to repose," said the girl; "she has done and suffered her share, and can no more dwell among us." The bier was again in motion; Nanny followed first, and they reached the church—the chapel.

Ottilia's coffin stood thus:—at her head was the coffin of the child; at her feet, the chest, inclosed in a strong oaken case. A female had been provided to watch during the first period of interment, the corpse, which lay most charmingly under its glass cover. But Nanny would allow no one to deprive her of this office; she would remain alone—without companion—and sedulously tend the lamp, now for the first time kindled. She desired this so zealously and pertinaciously, that they conceded the point to prevent a greater mental evil, which was, indeed, to be feared.

But she did not remain long alone; for just at nightfall, when the wavering light, exercising its full right, diffused a bright radiance, the door opened, and the architect entered the chapel, the piously-decorated walls of which, in the soft glimmering, pressed upon him with more of an antique and foreboding manner, than he could ever have believed.

Nanny sat by one side of the coffin. She recognized him at once, but she pointed in silence to her deceased mistress. And thus did he stand on the other side, in his youthful strength and grace, referred back into himself, fixed, absorbed, with arms hanging down, with hands folded and clenched with sorrow, with head and looks directed towards the departed one.

He had already stood thus before Belisarius.* He now fell involuntarily into the same attitude—and how natural was it on this occasion! Here also was something of inestimable dignity cast down from its height; and if, in Belisarius, valour, prudence, power, rank, and ability in a man were mourned as irrevocably lost; if qualities, which in decisive moments are inestimable to the nation, to the prince had not been prized, but rather rejected and expelled, here were so many other quiet virtues, only shortly before called forth by nature out of her abundant depths, and swiftly extinguished again by her indifferent hand—rare, beautiful, amiable

virtues, the peaceful influence of which, the necessitous world always grasps with pleasurable content, and deplores with a longing sorrow.

The young man was silent for a time, and so also was the young girl; but when she saw the tears abundantly flowing from his eyes, when he seemed quite to dissolve in pain, she spoke to him with so much truth and force, with so much kindness and confidence, that he, astonished at the flow of her language, was enabled to collect himself, and his lovely friend, living and acting, floated before him in a higher region. His tears were dried, his pain was diminished; he took leave of Ottilia, kneeling—of Nanny, with a hearty pressure of the hand,—and, though it was night, he rode off from the spot, without having seen any one beside.

The surgeon had, without the girl's knowledge, remained all night in the church, and when he visited her in the morning, he found her cheerful, and with her mind at ease. He was prepared for various aberrations; he thought she would talk to him of nocturnal conversations with Ottilia, and other such apparitions; but she was natural, calm, and completely self-conscious. She perfectly remembered all the preceding times, all the circumstances, with great accuracy, and nothing in her discourse went out of the track of the true and actual, excepting only the occurrence at the funeral, which she often repeated with joy, saying how Ottilia had raised herself, blessed her, pardoned her, and had thus pacified her for ever.

The state of Ottilia, which continued more like sleep than death, attracted many persons to the place. The residents and neighbours wished to see her once more, and every one wished to hear the incredible story from Nanny's own lips; many to laugh at it, most to doubt it, and a few to regard it with faith.

Every necessity to which a real satisfaction is denied compels faith. Nanny, after being shattered in the eyes of everybody, had again become healthy by a touch of the holy body;—why should not a similar felicity be here in store for others? First tender mothers secretly brought their children, who were affected with any malady, and fancied they could discern a sudden improvement. The confidence increased, and at last there was no one so old and weak that he did not seek for comfort and alleviation at this spot. The throng increased, and it was found necessary to lock up the chapel, and even the church, except during the hours of divine service.

Edward did not venture again to approach the departed one. He lived only for himself; he seemed to have no more tears, to be no longer capable of pain. The part he takes in conversation, his enjoyment of eating and drinking, diminishes every day. His only refreshment he seems to swallow from the glass, which, indeed, to him has been no true prophet. He still loves to contemplate the intertwined initials, and his seriously cheerful look seems, while he is thus occupied, to indicate that he still hopes for an union. And as the happy seem favored by every collateral circumstance, elevated by every chance, so may the smallest occurrences readily combine to wound and destroy the unhappy. For one day, when Edward raised the beloved glass to his lips, he removed it again with horror; it was the same, and not the same; he misses a little mark. The valet is pressed for an explanation, and is forced to confess that the real glass has lately been broken, and a similar one, likewise belonging to Edward's youthful days has been substituted. Edward cannot be angry; his fate is declared by the fact; how should the similitude move him? But, nevertheless, it deeply oppresses him. Drinking henceforth seems repugnant to him; he seems intentionally to abstain from food and conversation.

But from time to time a disquiet seizes him—the desire again to taste something, he again begins to speak. "Ah," he said once to the Major, who but seldom quitted his side, "how unhappy am I that my whole endeavour always remains a mere imitation—a false effort! What was bliss to her, is agony to me; and yet for the sake of that bliss I am compelled to attempt this agony. I must follow her—follow her on this path; but my nature and my promise keep me back. It is a frightful problem to imitate the imitable. I feel perfectly, my best friend, that genius belongs to everything, even to martyrdom."

Why, while describing this hopeless condition, should we mention the various endeavours which were made for a time by

* That is to say, in the entertainment got up for the amusement of Luciana.—Translator.

those attached to Edward, in their respective characters of wife, friend, and physician? At last he was found dead; Mittler was the first to make this sad discovery. He called the physician, and with his usual presence of mind, carefully considered the circumstances in which the deceased had been found. Charlotte rushed to the spot—a suspicion of mind awakened in her; she was about to accuse herself and the others of unpardonable neglect. But the physician from natural, and Mittler from moral grounds, now managed to convince her of the contrary. It was quite clear that death had taken Edward by surprise. In a quiet moment he had from a little box and a pocket-book laid out before him, what he had hitherto been accustomed carefully to conceal—relics of Ottilia: a lock of hair, flowers plucked in a happy hour, all the notes she had written to him from that first one, which had been by such an ominous chance handed to him by his wife. All these he would not have exposed willingly to a casual discovery. And thus then did this heart, so lately excited to infinite emotion, lie also in inviolable repose; and as he had sunk to rest thinking of that holy girl, he might well be called happy. Charlotte gave him a place by Ottilia, and ordered that no one else should be buried in this vault. On this condition she liberally endowed the church and school—the pastor and the schoolmaster.

Thus do the lovers rest side by side. Peace floats over their abode; cheerful kindred angel-forms look down on them from the vault, and what a joyful moment will be when hereafter they both awake together!

END OF THE AFFINITIES.

* In the next number of the "Musical World" will commence a treatise on "The Affinities," by Dr. Heinrich Theodore Röttscher, of Bromberg, translated by the Translator of the Romance. This treatise will be given from two motives.

First, because it is a specimen of the Hegelian school of criticism on a work with which our readers must be now intimately acquainted, and the "Hegelian school" is a name, and a name only in this country.

Secondly, because the remarks we have heard made on "The Affinities" shew that that wonderful romance is not so universally understood as to render a careful and elaborate elucidation superfluous. One correspondent would not even believe that the work proceeded from Göthe. The Translator would like much to know upon what knowledge of Göthe his bold doubt was founded.

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.
No. XXXVII.

I love to be alone; for then my thought
Can follow its own track, uncur'd and free,
Giving a semblance of that liberty
I have so ardently but vainly sought.
Then do the fetters fall away to nought,
With which my fancy often bound must be;
Freed, it creates fair images of thee;
Using the skill which mine own heart has taught.
Thee, thee alone to paint my fancy tries,
Raising before me that beloved face,
Glowing with naught but love, unbleach'd by fear;
Those lips that sigh—only with passion's sighs;
Those eyes, in which love's characters I trace,
Writ by a sunbeam in their azure clear.—N. D.

REVIEWS OF NEW MUSIC.

"Wood's edition of the Songs of Scotland," edited by G. F. GRAHAM. Parts 1, 2, 3. Wood and Co., Edinburgh, J. H. NOVELLO, London.

The object of this publication is to give a cheap and portable edition of the most popular Scottish songs, with new harmonization by competent hands. In the numbers before us there are no less than four and twenty songs to which accompaniments have been composed by Messrs. A. Lawrie, Finlay Dun, J. T. Surenne, H. E. Dibdin, T. M. Mudie, and G. F. Graham. Most of them are written and arranged with care and propriety; but some of the arrangements of T. M. Mudie, are so ingenious and beautiful as to entitle them to all the honour of original compositions. They

have all the richness and musical knowledge for which the accompaniments to the *canzonets* of Haydn are remarkable. Many an idea, trite in itself, is rendered interesting and piquant—many a common-place phrase is positively idealised—by the clever and fanciful manner in which it has been harmonised by this accomplished musician, whose continued absence from London is a sad reproach to the musical taste of the metropolis. As examples often manner in which he has beautified melodies in themselves of the unattractive, and made others that were originally graceful still more graceful, we may cite, "Gloomy winter's now awa," in A minor, quite a gem of plaintive simplicity; the two tunes, Scotch and English, of "Auld Robin Gray," the D minor episode in the latter of which is most lovely; "My love's in Germany," a pretty quaint tune in A minor, made doubly quaint and pretty by the musician's handling; "Busk ye, busk ye," quite a model of two and three part harmony; and "Tak' your auld cloak about ye," which, always a favourite melody with us, never so completely charmed us until now. The arrangements by the other gentlemen are often sensible and happy, but some of them are damaged by an affectation of singularity out of sorts with the genuine simpleness of the melodies. As an example, we would cite Mr. Graham's "Flowers of the forest," the opening and concluding symphonies of which escape our comprehension. This publication is to be completed in twenty numbers. It deserves public support, being both cheap and useful; but the more arrangements that proceed from Mr. Mudie's pen the better will it be for the musical value of the work.

"Trois Etudes Caracteristiques," pour violon solo.—P. SAINTON. Nos. 1, 2, 3. JULIEN.

Whatever proceeds from the pen of so accomplished a master of the violin as M. Sainton, Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, is worthy the attention of musicians and students of the instrument. The studies before us, written in the form of *caprices*, dedicated to the Duke of Cambridge, are fully worthy the reputation of their author. No. 1, in G minor, is intended for facilitating the use of the *staccato* bow in extended passages of *arpeggios* and scales, chromatic and simple. It is admirably written, and in addition to its unquestionable utility involves many points of interest purely musical. No. 2, in D major, 12-8 time, is a study for double-stopping and skips from high to low notes. As a musical movement it is both original and attractive. The modulations are effective, and the skilful and ingenious manner in which the first adopted figure of passage is sustained displays much fancy and great practical experience. No. 3, in A minor, is a very elegant and cleverly written study of the *legato*, exemplified in passages of rapidity. The theme is flowing and graceful and its conduct is exceedingly natural and musician-like. This last study will probably be the favourite with artists. It is the most elaborately developed, and at the same time the most graceful and pleasing. We strongly recommend M. Sainton's *Etudes* to all young violinists, as the fruits of an accomplished master's mature experience. To the amateur and musician, apart from their utility as violin studies, they offer an additional interest in the shape of a pianoforte accompaniment, which is most ably written and presents many examples of musicianship that are favourable to M. Sainton's general artistic acquirements, and show him to be a thoughtful composer no less than a ready violinist.

"Odd Fellowship,"—BROTHER R. A. BROWN, of Leeds. J. SURMAN, Exeter Hall.

The poetry of this song apostrophises very eloquently the noble objects of charity. The music is worthy of the subject. The melody is clear and well marked, and the accompaniment in admirable keeping. The song, moreover, is vocally effective, and thus combine all the requisites of popularity, which, considering the praiseworthy object of its publication, (the benefit of the Leeds "Widow and Orphan Fund,") we sincerely hope it may attain. It is illustrated, besides, by a pretty and appropriate frontispiece.

"Lay a garland on my hearse," *canzonet*.—H. C. BANISTER. Z. T. PURDAY. The accompaniment to this musical arrangement of one of the beautiful lyrics of Fletcher displays a nice feeling for harmony which in a great degree redeems the melody itself from dullness. The *piu moto*, in D major, is a happy relief from the minor mode

of the preceding verse, but as the first theme is not resumed the two parts appear unconnected, and the whole is devoid of consistent plan. There are some nice points of harmony, nevertheless.

"When memory wakes departed days," ballad.—EDWARD PERRY. C. OLLIVIER.

A smooth melody in E flat, with a well-written accompaniment in *arpeggio*, suitable moreover to ordinary voices. There is a vague feeling of something poetical in the verses by Mr. J. W. Lake.

"Les Heroines," Third Set of Quadrilles, Lymington Waltz, and Milford Polka.—A. V. FORSTER. SWAIN and Co.

These dance-pieces are bustling and rhythmical, and being well adapted for their proposed object offer no points for adverse criticism to lay hold of.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A neat little farce, somewhat trifling in character, called, *Who do they take me for?* was produced on Tuesday evening with success. Hudson plays the principal part, an Irish artist, who is involved in sundry *contretemps* by being taken for a rich baronet. The mistake, upon which the plot turns, originates with the painter, who saying he comes to take a country mansion announced for sale, (pictorially), is understood to mean it in the literal sense. There was much laughter excited by the piece. Hudson played with great spirit, and the piece was deservedly successful.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. Macready made his first appearance in *Hamlet* on Monday week, being engaged for a period of twelve nights. The reception of the great tragedian was truly enthusiastic. The house was densely packed, especially in the pit and gallery, and a warmer audience we have seldom witnessed—warmer in more senses than one. The *dii superiores*, to a deity, had doffed their tunics, or *chlamides*, and looked like an army of Irish whiteboys seated at a conclave. But we must not condemn the theatrical gods of young England. If they exhibit in torrid weather a strong inclination to semi-nudity and porter, their energy makes some amends for their lack of politeness, and their voices are loud and lusty in the cause of the legitimate drama. The mob is not altogether the senseless clod it has been sometimes made out. The many-headed monster is a very susceptible, if not a very discriminating beast, and the author who indites a play without consulting its feelings commits a great mistake indeed. Shakspeare certainly never fell into this error. With all his deep philosophy, subtle sentiment, and sublimated poetry, he never forgets that he writes for the million. The character he draws, or the passion he pours, though clothed in language as remote from common usage as divine thoughts and lofty expression can make it, is yet as intelligible in its meaning as if it were breathed in very household words. This is the true secret of dramatic writing. It is on this account that the most illiterate audiences are touched to the heart by Shakspeare's plays, and that his plays have acquired their unfading popularity, and will retain it as long as humanity is swayed by quick feelings and strong passions. *Hamlet* is the most metaphysical of all the author's dramas, yet in this play we find in every scene, and in every character something which strikes the instincts of the mass—"those touches of nature which make the whole world kin." Macready's *Hamlet* is one of his most beautiful and elaborate performances, and we certainly never saw the great actor play the part more exquisitely than he did on Monday evening. It is now too late in the day to criticise a performance so universally known.

It is replete with those surpassing natural beauties, and exhibits that fine artistic skill which entitles it to be ranked with the greatest performances. The applause throughout was frequent and enthusiastic. In the play scene we thought him greater than ever. It is, undoubtedly, one of the tragedian's most splendid efforts. Mrs. Warner was engaged with Macready and played the Queen with great effect. Her scene in the closet with *Hamlet* was admirable. This scene was performed by the two artists in such a manner as to make it appear more real than ever we saw it previously. In the graver walks of tragedy Mrs. Warner has no equal on the modern stage. Her majestic appearance and deep-toned voice, no less than her energy and judgment, seem to point her out as entirely suited to such characters as the Queen of Denmark, Lady Macbeth, &c., &c. Mrs. Warner, on the stage, looks every inch a queen. Of the rest of the performers we can say but little, with the exception of Compton's Gravedigger, which was really inimitable. Mr. H. Hughes made a very gruff and undignified ghost. We would strongly recommend all future ghosts to have their armour manufactured of some less sounding matter than tin, or brass. Every movement of Mr. Hughes was accompanied by a tinkling noise, very unghost-like indeed. This was not using his *spiriting* gently. Strange to say, in the scenes on the platform of the battlements the tread of the ghost was the only footstep that was audible. We would suggest to all ghostly personifiers the wearing of felt soles to their shoes, and the substitution of leather for tin armour. Mr. Fisher made a respectable Horatio, but was villainously appressed. He looked more like a serving-man than the intimate friend of the Prince. Granby was very good as Polonius, and Ryder tolerable as the King. Mr. J. Webster should eschew altogether such parts as Laertes. Why did not Mr. Creswick play the character? Miss Emma Stanley was the most ungracious Ophelia we have ever seen. Ophelia being entirely out of this lady's line, we are not justified in visiting the performer with too much severity. Does not Mrs. Stirling sing? If she does, it is a thousand pities she did not play Ophelia. We felt sorry for Mr. Cowell being thrust into *Osric*. He is a most deserving comic actor, but *Osric* is not comedy—at least not farce-comedy. Where was Mr. J. Vining? Has he grown too lofty to play so *small* a part? With the present company of the Princess's Theatre, *Hamlet* might, certainly, have been more efficiently cast. Mr. Macready and Mrs. Warner were called for at the end, and received with immense cheering. *King Lear* was performed on Wednesday evening, with a cast of parts on the whole better than that of *Hamlet*. With Macready in the old king, we had Mrs. Warner as Goneril, Mrs. Stirling as Cordelia, Mr. Creswick as Edgar, Miss Marshall as the Fool—all excellent. Mr. Ryder was also good in Gloucester; the same may be predicated of Mr. C. Fisher's Edmund. Mr. H. Hughes's Kent was not very praiseworthy, and the other parts are deserving of no especial comment. Mr. Macready's *Lear* is perhaps his greatest part. It will stand comparison with the loftiest performance of any actor who ever trod the boards. His conception of the character is original and sublime, and his acting scarcely less sublime than his conception. We have reviewed Mr. Macready in *King Lear* so frequently in the pages of *The Musical World*, that it is unnecessary to enter into any analysis of it now. Everybody has seen the performance—at least we trust so—and no two opinions differ as to the perfection of the impersonation. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the weather, and various other causes, in this week particularly, which tend to keep active folks from

theatres, the Princess's was crowded every evening during the performances of the great tragedian. D. R.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday the performances consisted of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, a *divertissement* and the *ballet* of *Esmeralda*, with the last *tableaux* omitted. The *Elisir* is one of the pleasantest operas of Donizetti, and never fails to attract us to the theatre when we have an idle hour to spend. It is not music that makes you think, but it is music that you can dose over luxuriously—half sensible, half senseless to the agreeable tickling of the oracular nerves which gives you a semi-consciousness of what is going on around, mixed with dreams of vague delights to which the opiate reveries of the Chinese must, doubtless, bear some resemblance. *L'Elisir* is also one of those operas which are most completely and efficiently rendered at Her Majesty's Theatre. Balfé, who has the score by heart and every point of importance at his fingers' ends, has trained his orchestra and chorus to the utmost nicety, and has—if we may be allowed the image—painted a faultless cabinet-picture. And then—to carry out the image (with permission)—the figures in Balfé's picture are full of life and reality. The Nemorino of Gardoni is so unpretending and agreeable, the Adina of Castellan so coquettish and fascinating, the Belcore of F. Lablache so soldier-like and bluff, and the Dulcamara of Lablache so adipose and oily, that it is a pleasure to look upon them. Reader—do you know the story of *L'Elisir d'Amore*? If not, we will tell it you, now that we are on the subject. It is a translation by Romani from *Le Philtre*, which Scribe, the knight of a hundred pens, composed for his illustrious co-labourer, Auber. *En passant*, we are moved to declare that we prefer the music of Auber to that of Donizetti, without detracting from the latter's merit. Auber's *Le Philtre*, unwarrantably neglected now, is one of the most delicious musical pastorals extant. From the pretty simple overture to the last *finale* it is, in its way, faultless. Donizetti's inspiration is more *ad captandum* and less refined, more brilliant and less finished, more discursive and less natural. The Italian opera is a splendid improvisation, the French opera a polished work of art. But to tell, in a few lines, the story of this simple pastoral, of which Guarini, Tasso, or Cervantes would hardly have disdained the authorship. Adina, a village maid, is loved by Nemorino, a village swain. But Adina is a flirt and delights in tormenting him. Belcore, a sergeant of some local regiment, is also smitten by the sweet eyes of the fair Adina. Bolder than Nemorino he lays siege at once and carries the maiden's fancy (not her heart, which the little coquette keeps snug in a corner to give Nemorino when she shall have tired of teasing him) by storm. Nemorino is in despair. At this juncture arrives Doctor Dulcamara, a sort of Paracelsus in rural life. He professes to cure everything by means of certain simples, without reference, however to "ludomy or calomy." Above all he has an elixir which is infallible, no matter to what purpose it may be applied. Nemorino, like the drowning man who catches at a straw, grabs at the Doctor as his only means of cure. He does not wish, be it understood, to cure himself of love—like Sir Pelleas in *Morte Arthure*, but, himself loving, to be the cause of love in another. So he straightway addresses himself to Doctor Dulcamara. The knowing charlatan presents him with an elixir in the shape of a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, which Nemorino quaffs to the dregs. His courage revives; he is

longer the timid avain who worships his mistress at a distance as the night adores the day, but bold and adventure-some he goes up to her like a man and unfolds his heart to

her. The coquette is equally astonished and pleased. Her manner alters towards him marvellously for the better. Nemorino, all on fire with hope, is eager for another bottle of the infallible elixir. But, alas! he has given away his only piece of gold, and to raise the wherewithal he has no resource but to enlist as a recruit. He accordingly engages himself in the regiment of Belcore, his prosperous rival. He gets his pay in advance, and without delay purchases another bottle of the elixir, which he swallows with precipitancy. The effect is again miraculous. But the power of the elixir is doubled by an opportune and unlooked for circumstance. Nemorino's uncle, a wealthy shepherd, dies and leaves him *all his property*. What woman can resist the combined influence of an infallible elixir and a deceased uncle's wealth? In truth not one. So all the women of the village are now at the beck of Nemorino, but lately despised and trampled under foot. Adina's love is awakened from its slumber by the violent shocks of jealousy. She hies to Nemorino, implores him not to remain a soldier, offers to purchase his liberation, and confesses that his love has always been reciprocated. It is but just to say, in the coquette's defence, that she is unaware of the recently-acquired wealth of Nemorino, and therefore speaks from heart and not from calculation. Nemorino, enchanted, throws himself at her feet; all is arranged to the satisfaction of everybody, and Dulcamara triumphantly recounts the virtues of his infallible elixir. This, reader, is the story of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and you must own that it is a very pretty one, if you be a judge of Pastorals. Although Gardoni's merits as a singer have been frequently extolled by us, we have never rendered adequate justice to his talent as an actor. Nothing can be more graceful, natural, and pleasing, than his impersonation of the simple shepherd. His Nemorino (like his Elvino) is a piece of unaffected portraiture worthy of ranking among the most finished efforts of the lyrical drama. Nothing, at the same time, can be more charming than the style in which he executes the music. Never obtrusive, always correct, invariably expressive, and often exquisitely graceful, it wins upon you every time you listen to it. We do not wish to hear the pensive melody, "Una furtiva lagrima," more sensibly, gracefully, and pathetically delivered than by Gardoni. It is a musical flood of tears, that bursts involuntarily from the heart, and no attempt at ornament or elaboration interferes with its melancholy character or damages its sweet simplicity. Adina, both vocally and histrionically is one of those parts which Castellan, in her quiet unpretending manner plays most prettily. We have spoken so often of Lablache in Dulcamara that with the epithet incomparable we leave him and the *Elisir d'Amore* to return again to the subject whenever we may feel inclined. The opera went off with irresistible spirit, and at the end the principles were called before the curtain.

In the *ballet* Carlotta Grisi was Carlotta Grisi—which is to say more than to say perfection. The eye doated on her pleasant form, as it moved about the scene, and ached with the very delight of gazing on her. Little Perrot was as great as ever. Carlotta and Perrot are a whole *ballet* in themselves—one the grace, the other the comedy of motion. Carlotta combines the majesty of the swan with the softness of the dove—Perrot the strength of the lion with the nimbleness of the squirrel. It is a pleasure to see them both, and the pleasure was never greater than on this occasion.

On Tuesday *La Figlia della Reggimento* was repeated for the second time, with the same *ballet* performances. Jenny Lind and Carlotta were the queens of the evening. We were not present, the *Barbiere* (of which see brother D. R.'s *compte*

rendu) having attracted us elsewhere. But to make up for our absence the Queen and the Prince were present! *Vivat Regina!* Her Majesty cannot be taxed with non-appreciation of the wonderful Jenny. On Thursday we managed to be present at the third performance of *La Figlia della Reggimonto*. The house was fearfully crowded, and the performances went off with the utmost éclat. As the *Figlia*, which in opposition to the general verdict of the press, we consider one of the most charming and admirable of the operas of Donizetti, will form the subject of our [next week's leading article, we shall leave it for the present, with one word at parting, for the masterly style in which Balfe has trained the orchestra and chorus, which are exhibited to greater advantage in this opera than in anything previously brought out during the present season. We may also add that the Maria of Jenny Lind is overflowing with beauties, and is equally to be admired as a piece of acting and an accomplished display of vocalisation. The performances were varied by a *divertissement* (between the acts of the opera) in which Rosati, in the *pas des fleurs*, from *Thea*, and Cerito and St. Leon, in the *pas de la Couronne*, danced to perfection, and were warmly applauded. The entertainment concluded with the three first *tableaux* from *Esmeralda*, in which Carlotta was as enchanting, and Perrot as irresistibly humorous, as ever. D.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE *Don Giovanni* was repeated on Saturday. The importance of the work itself, and the splendour of its production demand from us a second notice. Independently of these we are bound to recur to the second performance of the opera as having in the hurry of composition, or in our enthusiasm, omitted several things which we should have recorded, among others, the mention of Signor Mario in Ottavio. We hasten to make the *amende honorable* to the great tenor, and being now more competent to judge of his merits, as having heard him twice in *Don Giovanni*, we at once pronounce his Ottavio a most admirable performance—decidedly one of the best we ever witnessed. He sung the duet with Grisi, "Fuggi, fuggi," very finely, as he did also his portions of the *trio*, "Proteggo il giusto cielo," and those of the famous *sestetto* in the second act. Signor Mario obtained the most vociferous *encore* of the evening in "Il mio tesoro," and sang it most exquisitely. He gave out the B flat in his chest voice, (taking the fiddle passage by the way *à la Rubini*), with quite as much power as Donzelli himself. The part of Ottavio is not one which involves the necessity of great dramatic art, but Mario threw more life and energy into this character than we have seen given to it by other great tenors. We trust the Signor will accept our pardon for the unaccountable omission of his name from our last week's notice, and attribute it to anything but wilfulness on our part, or an insusceptibility to his genius so favourably exhibited in the Ottavio of *Il Don Giovanni*. The theatre on Saturday night was crowded to suffocation; numbers were turned away from the doors, the officers very properly refusing to receive money after the pit was full. The Queen and Prince Albert were present, and the Duke of Wellington came to see his favourite, Tamburini, in *Don Giovanni*, and foreign Princes were there, and a host of fashionables, and, better still, every lover of Mozart who could find standing room. On the Thursday we occupied a box on the fourth tier over the stage, and could form no opinion of the scenic effects; on the Saturday, being more homely ensconced in the pit, these burst upon our eyes, unexpectedly, and gave the *Don Giovanni* an additional seeming in our sight, for we acknowledge, critics as we are, by such

things as we sometimes taken. The scenery is really magnificent. The scene in which the Statue of the Commendatore is witnessed in the square, or *Place*, adjoining the church, is one of the most striking and beautiful we ever saw. The full moon shone with a splendour seldom before beheld, on the stage, and the reflection of the light on the windows of the church was managed with a rare effect. The ball scene was gorgeous in the extreme, and the supper scene, with the subsequent change to the infernal regions, completely arranged. The dresses were in keeping with the splendour of the *mise en scene*. Tamburini's second dress is one of the most costly that ever graced a stage Don Giovanni, and Fanny Elssler's costume as the cavalier in the minuet is equally rich. These may be secondary matters, but secondary matters are as requisite as primary, when there is a determination to obtain a complete whole. A second hearing of the orchestra and chorus confirmed our first impressions. There was hardly a flaw in their performance. The two orchestras in the ball scene on the stage had a very happy effect, and the three different subjects played together was novel and brilliant. Of Grisi and Tamburini it is almost superfluous to speak a second time. Grisi may take her place along side of Pasta in Donna Anna, and Tamburini in Don Giovanni may be ranked with nobody, for we never saw an artist in the part who was fit to tie the latchet of his shoe. In our last notice we have hardly awarded adequate justice to Signor Rovere in Leporello. This artist has raised himself tenfold in our estimation by his second performance in Mozart's opera. His singing was excellent, and his acting admirable. His voice lacks power, but he sings well in tune, and adheres to the very letter of the text. He was capital in the statue scene; he was comic without being funny, and did not fall for an instant into an exaggeration of the situation. He was equally good in the last scene with the ghost, and did not elicit a single laugh from any individual in the house, a compliment to his taste and discrimination which can not always be paid to greater artists than himself. We are extremely happy to say thus much of Signor Rovere, especially as he did not make any great impression on us when he made his *début* as Taddeo in *L'Italiana in Algeri*. Of Corbari and Persiani we can only iterate our former favourable opinions. The Signora has proved herself a trump card for the Royal Italian Opera. The part of Elvira is extremely trying to a *soprano*, and we were astonished to find Mdlle. Corbari, who had been represented in the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera as a *contralto*, cast for a character that required the powers of a high *mezzo soprano* at least. But the fair artist was perfectly competent to sing the music of Elvira. The prospectus was wrong in ranking Mdlle. Corbari as a *contralto*. We cannot forbear from noticing how splendidly the *sestette* in the second act was given on Saturday by Grisi, Persiani, Corbari, Mario, Rovere, and Ley. The exquisite *trio*, "Ah! taci ingiusto core," was also beautifully sung by Corbari, Rovere, and Tamburini. The *morceaux de solo* Tamburini had to sing in this *trio*, especially that commencing, "Descendi, O gioja bella," were given with the greatest possible taste and expression. Grisi's "Or che sai," was sublime. Her singing of this wondrous *scena* is, beyond a possibility of contradiction, as magnificent as any thing that ever was heard on the stage. Grisi's voice is decidedly more powerful than ever, and has lost not an atom of its freshness and beauty. Tagliafico's Commendatore was admirable. His sonorous and powerful voice came out with tremendous effect in the music of the last scene. In short a greater musical feast than the entire Opera was never before presented on the

stage to the British public. The ballet of *La Salamandre* in concluded the performances.

On Tuesday the *Barbiere* was produced with an entirely unexpected cast of characters. When the opera was first announced by the Royal Italian Company, we naturally figured to ourselves Grisi as Rosina, Mario as Almaviva, Tamburini as Figaro, Ronconi as Basilio, and Rovère as Bartolo. Imagine our surprise when the following allotment of parts reached our eyes:—

Rosina	• • • • •	MADAME PERSIANI.
Bertha	• • • • •	MADAME BELLINI.
Count Almaviva	• • • • •	SIGNOR SALVI.
Doctor Bartolo	• • • • •	SIGNOR ROVÈRE.
Basilio	• • • • •	SIGNOR MARINI.
Figaro	• • • • •	SIGNOR RONCONI.
Fiorello	• • • • •	SIGNOR POLOINI.

How rich, thought we, must be the company that, for the sake of novelty, or through some consideration, consequent on the specification of the singers, is able to cast the *Barbiere* without having recourse to those artists, who for many years identified themselves with the characters of Rossini's opera, these artists occupying, at the time, situations at the theatre. Could the public for a moment have imagined that the *Barber of Seville* would be given without Tamburini's Figaro, or Mario's Conte, or Grisi's Rosina, if these were available? How affluent then must the resources of the theatre be, which could produce, under such circumstances, so splendid a performance as was witnessed at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday evening. We will not say, that, as regards the principal singers, the *Barbiere* could not have been more completely done by a different cast of the company, but there was so much that was perfect, so much that was new, and so little to find fault with, that we should be churls indeed if we were not entirely satisfied with the representation. As far as the band and chorus were concerned we certainly never listened to a performance to which we could make fewer exceptions. The overture was played in a style we never heard previously, and was *encored* amid immense cheers and "bravos" for the conductor. Salvi was in fine voice, and sang in most respects with the finest taste and expression. We must, nevertheless, enter our protest against the extravagant exhibition of *broderies* in which the Signor indulged frequently, occasionally to the utter obnubilation of poor Rossini's music. In this way the lovely serenade, "Ecco ricente il cielo," was deprived of more than half its charms, and Signor Salvi gained nothing by the substitution of his *routades* for the graces of the *maestro*. Had he adhered, even partially, to the original text, he would have produced a great effect, as he was in delicious voice, and could, had he so pleased, have sung the serenade exquisitely. In the *trio* in the second act, "Ah! qual colpo inespettato," we hardly heard a note of the original score, so ingeniously was it concealed by Madame Persiani's and Signor Salvi's embellishments. These embellishments were, undoubtedly, given with the greatest possible display of skill and science, but, with all deference to the accomplished lady and fair artist, and the Signor, we prefer hearing Rossini's music to theirs. If they fancy that something novel is expected from them by the public in an opera of which every note is as well known as any in "God save the Queen," we would recommend them to try a novelty indeed, which would be none other than to sing the music of the *Barbiere*, as Rossini wrote it, and for once prove its effects on the public. We are aware that nearly all singers make the music of the *Barbiere* a vehicle for the display of their own powers of composition in adornment, but that is no reason why the critic should overlook what he considers a desecration of the work of a great master. Signor

Salvi was so delicious when he did confine himself to the author, that we felt doubly pained when he wandered into the regions of his own fancy, and doffed the singer in the composer. Signor Salvi acted admirably in the Count, and left nothing whatsoever to be found fault with in this respect. He introduced an old *aria* not belonging to the opera, a *fadaise* of Garcia, the celebrated tenor. Madame Persiani's Rosina is one of her most happy performances. If we except her too frequent flowery discursions, she was all that could be desired in the part. The "Una voce" was astonishingly fine. In that most sparkling of all duets, "Dunque io son," she was still better. Her singing in this instance was deserving of the greatest praise. She executed some wonderfully difficult passages in such a manner as to make us wish that Rossini had written them in some uninspired moment, that we might bear the fair artist blameless. The duet was *encored* with acclamations. Her "Nel Cor Piu" was one of the most marvellous specimens of graceful and florid vocalisation we ever listened to. Her acting was most graceful and winning. Signor Ronconi's Figaro was the novelty of the evening. The French, who are *connoisseurs* in barbers, pronounced it great, and the London public, who are *connoisseurs* in very little, seemed to have verified the French decree on Tuesday night. Ronconi obtained a triumph in Rossini's Barber. The performance is altogether novel. This was one source of its success. Signor Ronconi's estimation of Figaro is very different from all the great artists who preceded him in their impersonation of the part. He will not permit Beaumarchais' *Barbiere di qualita* to be invested with the least grace, or to possess the least refinement. In Ronconi's representation Figaro becomes the intriguer without his polish, the go-between without his winningness, the confident without his *bon-homme*. He makes him a very mad-cap wit, boisterous, mischievous, satirical, and selfish. Whether this view of the part be true, or not, the performance is highly dramatic, and the chief end of acting is obtained by Signor Ronconi. The "Largo al Factotum" was *encored*. In the singing of the great *buffa* song Ronconi made some admirable points, which were taken up by the whole house. In his whole performance he appeared to be governed by the spirit of determination to indulge in a good piece of fun, and he certainly went the right way to work. More whim, drollery, and unflagging spirit it would be rare to find in the assumption of a character. The part of Figaro, as undertaken by Signor Ronconi, may be entitled a triumph for that artist. Rovère was capital in Bartolo. His acting was full of bustle, and his singing highly artistic. Marini's Basilio was great. He made up for the part admirably, and excited immense laughter on his first appearance. He gave the "La calunnia" with prodigious power and effect, and narrowly escaped an *encore*. The *ensemble* of *Il Barbiere* was certainly never more completely given than it was on Tuesday evening. Afterwards followed the new ballet, *La Salamandrine*, of which we have nothing new to record. The house was exceedingly full.

On Thursday, an extra night, *Don Giovanni* was given for the third time, and the *Salamandrine* was repeated. A third triumph awaited the third repetition of this opera—a triumph for singers, chorus, dancers, band, scene-painters, dressers, in short for one and all who had hand, act, or part in *Don Giovanni*. An immense audience attended. D. R.

CONCERTS.

MISS MARIA B. HAWES.—The concert of this young lady took place on Wednesday evening, the 26th ult., in the Hanover Square

Rooms. The attendance was numerous. An apology for Miss Hawes, on the plea of a severe cold, was printed at the head of the programme; but this did in no way modify her style of singing, which was precisely the same as usual. The programme consisted of an assortment of good old glees, long sanctified by time and nationality, and some vocal solos and duets, the whole diversified by a fantasia on the piano by Herr Kube and another on the violoncello by Herr Shaponski, accompanied on the piano by a young lady in white. The vocalists who assisted Miss Hawes were Misses Birch, E. Birch, S. Novello, and Rainforth, Madame Dorus Gras, Messrs. Lockey, H. Phillips, and Hobbs. Sir H. Bishop conducted. The most interesting points in the programme were some pieces from *Elijah*.

MR. JOHN PARRY'S annual entertainment attracted a very crowded auditory to the Hanover Square Rooms, on the evening of Friday, the 21st ult. The favorite vocalist was certain to provide a capital feast for his visitors, as none knows better than he how to feed the tastes and humour the likings of the frequenters of concerts, and so the entertainment was unexceptionable. The singers were the Misses Williams, Thornton, Rainforth, Dolby, Mesdames F. Lablache and Jenny Lutzer; and the Messrs. T. Williams, J. Calkin, Kench, F. Lablache, and John Parry. The instrumentalists comprised the Distins on the Saxo horns, Felix Godefroid on the harp, and M. Lavigne on the oboe. The novelties of the concert were two new songs introduced by John Parry; the one entitled "Lalla Rookh, a Grand Oriental Overland Transit Buffo Romance;" and the other, "The Rival Houses;" both written by that indefatigable and ubiquitous penman, Albert Smith. Both of these songs are extremely droll, and John Parry made them ten times more so by his facetious piano-forte playing, and by his genuine buffo singing. What a pity John Parry does not turn his attention to the stage. He would surely be inimitable there. When he can make audience after audience scream with laughter, before six and a-half octaves of notes, and with frequently most meagre songs to propound, as far as the mere words are concerned, what would he not do, had he theatrical scope for his power, with an orchestra to assist his efforts, and the broad stage, instead of a cane-bottomed chair, to be the field of his prowess? Well, we can't answer this question—time may. We are sorry to have to relate a casualty that occurred to Mr. John Parry in his performance of the second song, "The Rival Houses." Either from nervousness, or forgetfulness, the heat of the room, or anxiety for his friend, Mr. Albert Smith, he stooped suddenly in the midst of his singing, and apologised for not being able to proceed. He, however, subsequently finished it. We understand that Mr. John Parry, upon leaving the room, was taken very ill, and went into strong convulsions. We are grieved to have to record so untimely a close to so excellent a concert.

MR. CHARLES E. HORN.—This popular composer gave a concert on Monday evening, May the 19th, at the Music-hall, Store-street, which consisted entirely of a new oratorio, written by himself, and entitled *Daniel's Prediction*. Mr. Horn has been long recognised as one of the most graceful and elegant melodists of his time. Some of his airs have gained a popularity almost universal. The success of "Cherry Ripe," "The deep, deep sea," and many other ballads, was unprecedented. Mr. Horn was also acknowledged as a musician of great acquirements; it did not therefore surprise us to hear he had written an oratorio, although we consider the composition of such a work necessitates a larger amount of musical capacity than any other. Mr. Horn's *Oratorio* has very considerable merit, and reflects great credit on his musicianly skill and artistic feeling. It is not in our power to pronounce a decided verdict on the *Daniel's Prediction*, it was so terribly marred in the performance; but we hope to have an opportunity of entering critically into its merits, when we have heard it a second time, or the music has been sent us for review. The principal vocalists were the Misses Dolby, Thornton, Wells, Mrs. C. E. Horn, and the Messrs. Rafter, Wetherbee, Purday, Mattocks, and F. Smith. These artists generally acquitted themselves in the usual style of excellence, but, in some respects, the want of a sufficient number of rehearsals was evident. The orchestra was under the leadership of Mr. Willey, who did all a good general could do to keep his forces in order. He was not entirely successful. Mr. C. E. Horn was the conductor.

EXETER-HALL.—Handel's "Alexander's Feast," and Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," were performed here on Monday evening by an efficient vocal and instrumental corps. The vocal body comprised Messrs. Manvers, H. Phillips, and the Misses Birch and Duval; the chorus consisted of five hundred members of Mr. Hullah's upper singing schools, and the orchestra was composed of Mr. Willey's excellent concert band, assisted by several performers belonging to the principal London theatres. The performance was very creditable. It was a somewhat adventurous attempt in Mr. Hullah's pupils to undertake works of such magnitude and difficulty. They nevertheless acquitted themselves well, and had evidently rehearsed the music carefully. We have so frequently recorded our opinions of the two compositions performed on Monday evening, that we think it unnecessary to comment upon them again. Mr. Willey's band was very efficient. The piano was occasionally in requisition, and was entrusted to Mr. Oliver May. It could not have been given to more able hands. Mr. John Hullah conducted with his usual skill.

MAD. JULIETTE FORESTIER.—The concert of this young lady took place on Monday evening in Willis's Rooms. Mad. Forestier is a pianist of some pretensions. Her execution is spirited and her style graceful. She played several compositions of her own with great success. The vocalists were Mad. de Lozano, Mad. Hennelle, Mdle. Brocard, Signori Marcolini, Mecatti, and Montelli. The vocal programme was well selected. Mad. Hennelle sang delightfully. In a romance, called "La Bouquetière du Roi," she won especial attention by her graceful style and faultless intonation. Mdle. Brocard also highly distinguished herself in Mozart's air, "Les Mystères d'Isis," which was admirably suited to her beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, and unaffected style. Signor Montelli sang several *morceaux* so well as to justify what we said of him in a recent number, and to demand yet more praise at our hands. Nature has gifted him with a very fine voice, and it is for him to show himself grateful by its careful and assiduous cultivation. Signor Mecatti is an old favourite, and sang several pieces in as agreeable and artist-like a style as ever. The conductors were Signors Piloti and Biletta. The room was well filled.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M. will shortly see a whole article of the work in question. In answer to his last inquiry, we should have recommended the pianoforte; but since our correspondent objects to that, the violin is decidedly the best instrument to suit his purpose.

PHIL. HYMNOS must favour us with his name and address, or we cannot commit ourselves to a controversy conducted with such warmth.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We regret that at present we are unable to make use of our correspondent's very choice composition.

* M. Wilmer's Second Matinée, the second paper on "Jenny Lind and her influence," the conclusion of "Mendelssohn's *Elijah*," several concerts, and other matters are unavoidably postponed.

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MUSICAL UNION.

JOACHIM'S FIRST PERFORMANCE at this Society on Tuesday, June 8,

At Half-past Three o'clock.—Quartet No. 65, in G, Haydn; Quartet No. 3, op. 44, in D, Mendelssohn; Grand Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer, violin and piano-forte, Beethoven. Executants—Jonchin, Deloffre, Hill, and Rousselot; piano-forte, **HERR SCHULHOFF.** Single admission, half a guinea each, to be had on application to the Director, at **CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.'s**, and **OLIVIER'S** Musicellers.—**J. ELLA**, Director.

ROYAL ACADEMY. ROSENBERG'S CRITICAL GUIDE

TO THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

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will take place at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS**,

On **TUESDAY, the 15th June**,

to commence at Two o'clock precisely, on which occasion he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists—**Mesdames JENNY LUTZER**, and **A. & M. WILLIAMS**; **MR. JOHN PARRY**, and **HERR FISCHER**. Piano-forte, **MR. HENRY WYLDE**; Violin, **HERR JOACHIM**. The Orchestra will be numerous and complete in every department. Conductor, **MR. LUCAS**.

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MR. & MRS. W. H. SEGUIN'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT

Next **TUESDAY, the 8th of JUNE**,

At the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS**, under the immediate Patronage of

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

at which the following Artists will appear:—

Madame Doras Gras, **Miss Birch**, **Miss Deloy**, **Mrs. W. H. Seguin**, **Madame Clair Hennell**, **Miss Duval**, and **Madame F. Labache**; **Herr Fischer**, **Signor F. Labache**, **Signor Briazi**; **Mr. W. H. Seguin**, **Mr. John Parry**, and **Mr. Wilson**, who, in the course of the morning, will sing two of his popular "Songs of Scotland" ("The Stuarts of Appin," a lament for the fall of the noble clan of Appin, one of those which stood to the last for the cause of Prince Charles; and the dialogue song, "Lizzie-Lindsay"); **Messrs. Distin** and his Four Sons, **J. Balsir Chatterton**, **Kialmark**, and **M. Bezeth**, from Paris (his first appearance).

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The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public are respectfully informed, that
A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT
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On **THURSDAY NEXT, June 10,**
on which occasion

MADLIE JENNY LIND

will appear in one of her Favourite Characters.

To be followed by various Entertainments in the **BALLET DEPARTMENT**, combining the talents of **Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI**, **Madlle. LUCILE GRAHN**, **Madlle. ROBERTI**, and **Madlle. CERITO**, **M. PERROT** and **M. St. LEON**.

The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted.

*. Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual at the Theatre, price 10s. 6d. each. Applications for Boxes, Pit Stalls and Tickets, to be made at the Box-Office at the Theatre.—Doors open at Seven o'clock; the Opera to commence at Half-past 7

Mr. W. STERNDALE BENNETT

Respectfully announces that his
ANNUAL CONCERT

Is fixed to take place at the

Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday Morning, June 10th, 1847,

To commence at Two o'clock. *Vocal Performers*—Madame Doras Gras, Miss Dolby, Madame G. A. Macfarren, Misses Ransford and Salmon, Mr. Hobbs and Herr Pisheck.—Mr. W. S. Bennett will perform one of his own Concertos and S. Bach's Concerto in D minor. In the course of the Concert will be performed Mozart's Symphony in C minor, Spohr's Overture to "Jessonda," and Bennett's Overture, "The Wood Nymphs." The Orchestra will be on the grandest scale. Conductor, Mr. C. Lucas. *Principal Violin*, Mr. T. Cooke.

Tickets 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats 15s. each; to be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. W. S. BENNETT, 15, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, to whom an early application is requested.

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On **THURSDAY EVENING, June 10, 1847.**

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Has the honour to announce he has made arrangements with that extraordinary Harpist, **GERHARD TAYLOR**, to give a

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Where the most eminent Artists of Her Majesty's Theatre, and all the available talent then in London, will also appear. Early application is solicited for the few remaining Stalls and Orchestral Seats at the Musicians and principal Libraries, and of M. BENEDICT, 2, Manchester Square. The full Programme will be ready on Monday next, and may be had at all the Musicians.

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The principal Characters by
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To be followed by the third Act of

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The doors will be opened at half-past Seven, and the performance commence at Eight o'clock.

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On **FRIDAY, JUNE 18th,**

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ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER,"

On which occasion **Madame Grisi, Madame Persiani, Signora Corbani, and Madlle. ALBANI, Signor MARIO, Signor SALVI, Signor TAMBURINI, Signor RONCONI, Signor TAGLIAFICO, and Signor MARINI** will sing.

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M. JULLIEN'S Annual Musical Presentation AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY COMBINED.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to submit to the Musical Public of Great Britain and Ireland, an entirely NEW SYSTEM for supplying their Musical requirements.

It has long been a subject of just complaint in the Profession, as well as amongst Amateurs, that in order to become possessed of a moderate proportion of the Musical Novelties of the day, it is necessary to purchase, at a very considerable, and in many cases, at an inconvenient cost, a quantity of Music, which, if it do not prove utterly worthless, is very frequently found on trial, to be unsuited to, or unwished for by, the purchaser, who thus becomes burdened with a considerable expense, while the object he has been seeking remains unattained.

A Musical Circulating Library

would appear in a great measure to obviate these inconveniences; yet there are many who object, and naturally so, to pay a considerable sum annually for the mere loan of Music, not having the power to retain as their own property any one piece which they may wish to possess, without making further payments in addition to their annual subscription.

To meet both these difficulties, M. JULLIEN brings forward this New System, which, supported as it will be by the great resources of his extensive London establishment, as well as by his numerous Continental connections, will, he hopes, afford advantages and facilities to his subscribers, to which no other plan hitherto brought forward has ever laid claim.

M. JULLIEN has formed a complete Circulating Library, and intends every year to establish

A GRAND MUSICAL PRESENTATION,

in which every subscriber will become interested to the full amount of their Annual Subscription—that is to say, M. JULLIEN will present GRATIS to each subscriber Music to the FULL AMOUNT of his or her Subscription to the Library—such Music to be chosen by the subscribers themselves, and to become their sole property.

For Three Guineas, therefore, a subscriber will be supplied, ON LOAN, with any Music he may wish for, and at the end of the year will be presented with THREE GUINEAS' WORTH, to become his own exclusive property.

In order to facilitate the Subscribers' Selection, M. JULLIEN will furnish a list of the most fashionable and popular Pieces, with the prices attached. This list having been marked and sent into the library, the Subscriber will immediately receive the pieces chosen.

In bringing forward this system, (new to this country.) M. JULLIEN has the satisfaction to reflect that on the continent, where it has been some years in operation, it has had the effect of advancing the interest of the Musical Art in the highest degree.

M. JULLIEN's Library, which is the most extensive to be found in England at the present time, possesses the COMPLETE known WORKS of the English, German, Italian, and French Authors, all of which will be at the disposal of the Subscribers.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

- 1.—The Subscription to be always paid at the time of subscribing and at the renewal of every subsequent term.
- 2.—Subscribers resident in London, to be entitled to Six Pieces of Music and one Score at a time; Country Subscribers to Twelve Pieces and Two Scores at a time.
- 3.—To each Subscriber will be presented gratis, at a time of subscribing a Portfolio, for the protection of the Library Music; and at no time, on any consideration, will Music be received, or sent back, unless enclosed in the Portfolio.
- 4.—Should any Music be retained beyond the time subscribed for, the Subscription will continue open, and must be paid for until such Music is returned.
- 5.—All expenses attending Carriage, Postage, &c., to be defrayed by the Subscribers.

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35	1 7 2	1 9 3	2 16 6
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